The Striker

Many have sung the soldier
From the rude red days of old,
To this madder hour of more murderous power
And death schemes manifold.
But no one has sung the striker,
Though a better fighter he
For the bigger cause and the larger laws
Of the world that is to be.

Many have sung the statesman
Of nation and state and clan;
Though he served himself from the purse of pelf
And lorded it over man.
Yet greater than he, the striker,
Lacking both fame and fee
At the cost of all he has built the wall
Of the city that is to be.

Many have sung the scholar,
Maker of book and school,
Though his ease was earned by the throng unlearned
Who slaved that the few might rule.
But the lore and the law of the striker
Will set the whole world free;
Neither ease nor toil shall the spirit spoil
In the knowledge that is to be.

Many have sung the saintly,
The pure of all times and creeds;
But, alas, the good have denied the food
For even the children's needs;
Kinder by far the striker,
And truly more righteous he,
For he stakes his meal on the common weal
And the justice that is to be.

Some day, when all are toilers,
And nobody works for naught,
When the worker rules over states and schools,
And shapes all the realms of thought;
They shall sing the song of the striker,
No longer an outcast he,
But with arms abreast, he shall stand confessed
In the triumph that is to be.

—**Robert Whitaker.**

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